PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor. —A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.— Subscription $1.00 per year

VOLUME III. PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3 1902 NUMBER 5.

REAL ESTATE

WE transact all kinds of Real Estate Business.
Have the Largest List of land from which to select.

Improved & Unimproved Farms

We sell on small commission, do our own business, and by fair dealing meet all competition.
List your land with us for we buy and sell. All correspondence answered.

Arnold & Christie.

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**REAL ESTATE,
LOANING,
INSURANCE.**

Farm and Town Property handled on Commission. Straight loans on farm or town property at low rates of interest

Fire and Life Insurance.

LACOMBE, Alta.

THE BIG STORE,

The Pioneer Merchants.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

We are now in shape to serve the public with an up-to-date stock of merchandise. Our aim is high quality goods at as low prices as they can be sold for. Ball and see us at our new store.

F. E. Alcar & Co.

The Postoffice Store.

Do You

Want a watch for your wife, Sister or Sweetheart?

Our stock of Ladies' Watches, just received, is not surpassed in Alberta, quality and price considered.

Special Attention to Cleaning and Repriring.

Agates Full Stock—They're dandies—Right Prices.

Silverware Fine line Silver Novelties.

Ladies Chains, Bracelets and Necklaces.

REPAIRING. ....H. McDERMOTT.

Notes of an Ex-Editor.

(Continued from last week.)

Having partaken of a sumptuous dinner at the Astoria Hotel, we regretfully turned our horse's head southward and without any mishap reached the flourishing city of Edmonton at 6.20 Sunday evening. Edmonton is decidedly on the boom. The hotels were full and it was with great difficulty we secured accommodation. After trying two or three hotels we obtained rooms at the Queen's, where considerable additions have been made. A large new annex to the east has been built the ground floor used as a dining room the largest in the North and the upstairs as bedrooms. Mr. Hetu, husband of the proprietress, was lying in the hospital suffering from a complication of diseases, but at latest reports, we are glad to say he is on the way to recovery.

In the evening we attended Divine service at the new Presbyterian church, a handsome brick edifice. The church was crowded and the minister, who is a young man, preached an eloquent sermon.

One hundred and fifty new buildings have been erected in Edmonton this year and fifty houses are at the present time in course of erection. Water and sewerage works are being built, a six inch pipe being used. A large number of men are employed laying them down and receive a wage of $2 per day. The corporation owns the works and the debentures are selling readily in the open market. A new tower is being built on the Exhibition grounds to give more power to the electric light system. The railway spur from Strathcona is ready for operation and will be utilized in a few days. We hear on good authority that the C. & E. Railway has been leased by J. J. Hill of the Great Northern for 99 years. This means that the roadbed will be put in good shape and freights reduced. We called the following day (Monday) at the Land Office and Land Titles. Mr. Roy, the Registrar was taking a well earned holiday and Miss Boyle of the former office, we are glad to report has quite recovered from her severe accident and was at her desk again looking as bright and cheerful as ever. The Registration fees have been reduced forty per cent from Oct 1st. This is as it should be. Whilst in town we came across Mr. C. W. Sutter, Immigration Agent who informed us the immigration to the Lake St. Ann and Vermillion country was very heavy and the people seemed to be well pleased with the prospects. We had a wet on the strength of it. Mr. Greig erstwhile editor of the Post has returned from the East and will spend his time writing articles on the Northwest for the Eastern papers. As he is a versatile writer and is well posted, the should prove both interesting and profitable to the people of Ontario and Manitoba. The Bulletin, a paper published twice a week is about to blossom forth as a daily. They have secured a new cylinder press which will save considerable labor.

Walking along the main thoroughfare which was crowded with people we stumbled across George McLaughlin, who had charge of the Leland Bar here for some time In a few days he starts with a party of railway surveyors for the Yellow Head Pass. They are going to make a trial survey and George will act as guide having been in that country before. He is well fitted for the post and when camped in the lonely wilds, surrounded by wolves and bears, he will, we feel sure, enliven the company by his anecdotes which are replete with fun and humor and of

(Continued on page 5.)

Special Prices...

—FOR—

TWO WEEKS ONLY

Having added an assortment of Men's Youth's and Boys' Ready-to-wear Clothing we will sell at

Special Prices for the Next Two Weeks.

Come and get some of these Bargains.
Also a Big Cut in prices of our

Men's and Boy's Gloves.

Don't miss this opportunity but come while there is a full range of sizes.

A Ful Stock of Groceries Always on Hand at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Fairley & Co.

We're still Leaders..

—IN—

Hardware.

We handle everything in our line. If it is too big to put into our store we will get it for you. Our prices are such as to keep the goods moving.

W. H. SPACKMAN. - Ponoka.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCING AND ALL FORMS OF LEGAL BLANKS DRAWN.

"The Real Estate Man." SUB-AGENT DOMINION LANDS. AGENT BIRKBECK SAVINGS CO.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription $1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:

Monday and Friday	1:45 p. m
Thursday	3:00 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE

Tuesday, Thurs., Sat.	10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday	10:20 a. m.

☞Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.

F. E. ALGAR, P. M

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH

Monday, Wed. & Friday	14:50 p. m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	16:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH

Monday, Wed. Friday	10:20a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat.	11:10a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited

THOS. P PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. N NAGLE.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Will visit Ponoka every Wednesday.

RED DEER. . . ALBERTA.

CHAS PATCHETT.

UNDERTAKER

Full stock of Funeral Goods.

Prices Moderate.

PONOKA . . . ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

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Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.

PONOKA : : : ALBERTA

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.

PONOKA . . . . . ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.

CANADIAN ORDER of FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.

WILLIAM M. JONES; Chief Ranger.
EUGENE RHIAN, R. S. & F. S.

...JOHN C. RATHBUN...

Carpenter.. AND ..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT. WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,

Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Will visit Ponoka every....

Friday and Saturday

with a view to locating permanently. When desired

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Thanksgiving Day on Octber 16.

Wetaskiwin annual fair occurs Oct. 15.

A. Baasgaardt has aurchased the Warnock property, also the lot owned by A. L. Ball on Chipman avenue.

George Rogers, as good natured as he is big, was in from Asker yesterday. A bright little son came to make his future home at his house last week.

The dance in the hall Friday night under the auspices of the C. O. F. was a very pleasant social function. About sixty couples participated and a very pleasant time enjoyed.

Rev. Perry asks us to announce that owing to the church being plastered the service of the Methodist church and the Sunday School will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

Herb J. Hardie, of Toronto Type Foundry Co., visited us this week and sold us a paper cutter, stapling machine and other material to more fully equip our job department.

Leonard Stockard arrived Wednesday from Lake Henry, Minn. His two cars which are coming on a double-header immigrant train, are expected to reach here tomorrow. He was accompanied by Joe and Matt Neuteling, who join their father near Lamerton.

Mrs. Rutherford, president of the Dominion W. C. T. U., addressed a fair-sized and appreciative audience in the Methodist church on Thursday evening of last week. She is a very eloquent speaker and her address which was a review of the great and grand work done by the W. C. T. U. in Canada, was listened to with deep interest by her hearers.

Only a few of those who have been instrumental in the establishment of a cream receiving station at this place turned out to the meeting Saturday and no definite action was taken. There is very great lack of interest in matters pertaining to dairying by the people of the Ponoka district and this place is destined to be behind her sister towns in this matter which should be of such great import to every resident who hopes to make a success of his undertakings here. There is no doubt but dairying is the one great industry for which this section of Alberta is best adapted. Yet continued efforts both on the part of Supt. Marker and others interested to have a creamery established here have met with flat failure. And now an attempt to establish a receiving station for the reception of cream to be shipped to the government creamery until such time as a full fledged creamery could be afforded has met a similar fate Patrons of the government creameries at other places realize over 20 cents per pound for their butter product during the winter season and Ponoka people might do the same would they only take hold of the matter and ship their cream to the creamery. While those present at the meeting Saturday were anxious to have the station established and operations begun at once, they were for the most part men who have only a limited number of cows and they did not feel at liberty to take any active steps toward the appointment of a cream receiver while those who own the larger number of cows and who should have the greater interest in the matter were absent from the meeting

Joseph Hynek, Jr., left for a few month's stay in Nebraska, Monday.

The Forest Home Cemetery is being fenced. G. M. Williams has the contract.

The fishing season is drawing to a close for this year. J. H. Arnold caught a fine five pounder yesterday, probably the last of the season.

Tait, the Wetaskiwin boxer, sent a telegram a few hours before the time the match was to have taken place Wednesday stating that he could not come, hence the boxing match was not called.

W. G. Merkley, the wood man, advertises good stove wood at 75 cents per load, delivered—cheaper than swiping from your neighbor's pile. He is also prepared to do custom sawing wherever he has a day's work.

J. N. Nagle, V. S. of Red Deer, who has had marked success treating the prevalent diseases of horses, is in town today and tomorrow. He expects to visit Ponoka professionally every Wednesday when he will be glad to treat all cases of illness among horses.

This paper has readers in almost every state in the Union, but our first to Pennsylvania begins this week. W. G. Forcht, while in town Saturday paid for a year's subscription for his brother. Mr. Forcht also remarked that tomake a success in this part of Alberta the farmer would have to patronize the creameries. He also said if Ponoka did not get a hustle on his district would beat us in the establishment of a creamery.

Prodigal Would Return.

Friend John.

I will redeem my promise by letting you know that I got here all right. It has rained all the time and is very cold, the corn is demaged by the frost and I like Alberta better than ever. On my road to Kansas and will get back in a week or so to God's country.

Yours very truly
A. L. BALL

Robinson-Kraemer.

At the manse on Donald Ave., Tuesday, Sept. 30th., Wilbert W. Robinson and Lena Mary Kraemer were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Both these young people are well and favorably known in the community and have many friends who join us in extending best wishes. The groom came from Kansas last spring and has already a well established home north of town. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kraemer who have lived here for some time and are highly respected residents.

As Seen in "Nebraskie".

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Wave published at Western, Neb., bearing date Sept. 19, in which we note the following item concerning Alberta products in that state.

The Alberta, Canada, display of agricultural products at the state fair were fine; the grains and grasses surpassing anything there; the wheat testing 64 pounds to the bushel, and it all attracted considerable attention.

In the same issue we read:

Two whacking old frosts Friday and Saturday morning stopped the growing process on most vegevegetation and gave a tinge of autumnal effects to the trees etc., and our pear tree which was in full bloom, is fruitless.

This was the same date at which the first frost was experienced here and it would seem that Alberta's climatic conditions are not so much different from those of Nebreska after all.

Singer Sewing Machine Co.

E. M. PETEREIT of Leduc,

—Agent for the—

Leduc
Wetaskiwin,
Ponoka and
Part of Lacombe Districts.

Write me for repairs, needles, oil, etc. If your old machine is out of order, ask me to overhaul it. I am able to repair every make of sewing machine.

Geo. W. Hotson...

..LACOMBE, Alta

Careful and Experienced **WATCHMAKER.**

Leave work with A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right.
Work guaranteed.

RESIDENTIAL SITES For Sale.

Some of the finest Building Sites near Ponoka, one mile from the village, for sale in one to ten-acre tracts. Price $25 and $40 per acre.

CHAS. PATCHETT.

J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, -:- -:- ALBERTA.

A. L. Fairfield

Ponoka Meat Market.

All kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats on hand,

Highest Market Price Paid for all Kinds of..... **Live Stock.**

...HENRY HERTZ...

—DEALER IN—

Wholesale =:= Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and Newly Furnished.

Rates: $1 and $2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade. **Ponoka, Alta.**

☞The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

MRS. A. E. KNAPP

Will open a branch Millinery Store from Wetaskiwin in the building lately occupied by Sage's Furniture Store.
Store will be opened permanently

Monday, September 29, 1902.

Full range of hats and ladies and childrens ready-made and made-to-order whitewaer and underwear, etc. Furs, trimmings, etc.

Miss Arbuckle..

Wetaskiwin's most popular dressmaker, will be in the store every Saturday to take orders for dressmaking.

DODD BROS...

Harness and Saddlery.

We are Up-to-Date in Harness, Whips, Brushes, Saddles, Currycombs, Fly Sheets.

Telescopes and Traveling Bags.

OUR REPAIRING IS FIRST-CLASS AND GUARANTEED.

GRAIN SACKS...

At Lower Prides than You have paid before.

A FULL STOCK OF

General -:- Merchandise.

AT PONOKA PRICES.

At the Fairybank Postoffice. **W. J. EARL.**

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Best cured hams at Fairfield's shop only 15c per pound.

Considerable local matter is crowded out this week.

J. D. McGillivray is erecting a barn on his residence property in block 10.

Remember the stock sales in Ponoka next week, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Ponoka Liberal Association meets next Monday evening. A good attendance is requested.

Mrs. Alma Herrick spent several days of this week visiting her son, Waldo, and friends in the Fairy Bank neighborhood.

Algar & Co. are moving into their new new store, where they are open to bargains for their customers. See their ad.

There will be Church of England Service in the Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5th, commencing at 2 o'clock.

E. R. Sage has his furniture in shape in his new store. He has recently set up a car load and now can supply the trade with anything in that line.

Mrs. Shary is moving into her new building this week. She has a neat and commodious boarding house and hopes to continue her present satisfactory patronage.

Arthur Sayers is at present engaged in plastering the Methodist church which has been used the past year without being plastered. Arthur also has under way the second story of the Algar block and W. R. Courtright's new annex to his residence.

Master Thomas Christie was in town yesterday for the first time since his accident. His limb, which was very badly fractured is now doing nicely and while perhaps a year's time will be required, he will eventually entirely recover from the injury.

Weather ideal, threshing in full swing, landseekers numerous, and everybody happy is about the way things "stack up" in this part of Alberta these days. Grain yield is above the expectations of most of the farmers; oats going from 50 to 70 bushels per acre, excellent quality, wheat 30 to 40 and barley in like proportion.

Else Whitehorn was in from the Battranch the last of the week. The boys have just lost one of their good horses and Else said on investigation on the way in the number that have lost was almost alarming. He thinks that so far the veterinarians have failed to get at the real disease and expressed his opinion that a Dominion veterinary should be urged to visit the district.

The HERALD regrets to state that there are a number of farmers suffering losses of horses from the same horse disease that has afflicted the country for the past year. It has been suggested that the chief veterinary inspector be petitioned to send one of the department's veterinary inspectors into the district to make a careful diagnosis of the disease. Heretofore these inspectors have only visited the villages, made a few inquiries and passed on. What is wanted is a competent man to visit the animals in the various districts and make a careful study of the disease from its earliest stages to its termination either in being cured or in the fatality of the animal affected. In compliance with the request of a number who have suffered losses the HERALD has a petition to the chief inspector, which all interested are requested to call in and sign, asking that an inspector be sent here to make a careful study of the cases brought to his notice. It is thought that in this way the real cause and nature of the disease may be determined, then there will be given some basis upon which to treat it.

A lady's jacket found on the road is at this office. Owner may have same by paying charges.

The regular quarterly communion will be held in the Presbyterian church Sabbath morning, Oct. 12 at 11 a. m.

F. C. Case left Saturday on a trip through the mountains, visiting the Kootenay country of British Columbia and spending a few days at Vancouver.

Patrick Bowen, of Beebeetown Iowa, was numbered among those who located in the Blindman district the past week. He will move here the coming winter.

W. J. Richards, a Montana rancher, this week located six quarters on the Blindman in 43-2 and will transfer his extensive cattle business here early in the spring.

Mrs. F. E. Crawford has been favored recently with a visit from her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Bulman, of Toronto. They left Wednesday for home, stopping for awhile at Calgary.

Arnold & Christie, hustling real estate men have made several sales to homeseekers recently besides renting some farms to parties who will not locate till next year. They have a good list and will be glad to wait upon all desiring services in their line.

Peter Nasland, one of the erstwhile good citizens of Douglas county, N. D., was in Ponoka after lumber this week. He has a fine place on the north bank of Buffalo lake and since moving there Lacombe has been his trading point, but representing a large number of settlers he came to Ponoka to see how well they were treated by our business men and if satisfactory this will be made their market town, the distance being a trifle less than to Lacombe, but the roads better to the latter place. He is well satisfied with his new location and says if he were compelled to live on the same he would not trade his place for the best farm in Douglas county which today is worth $40 per acre. They have had an abundance of fish and game this season at his place.

Notes of an Ex-Editor.

(Continued from page 1.)

which he has an inexhaustible stock.

Crossing the river we landed at the Royal Hotel, Strathcona in plenty of time for supper. The town was crowded with visitors many of whom had crossed over from Edmonton. This was occasioned by the arrival on Monday's train of twelve leading Conservatives from the East who were to hold a meeting in Ross' Hall the same evening. Among the visitors we noticed Mr. Bennett M. L. A., Mr. Borden, Advocates Rutherford & Jamieson, Mr. Daykin of Lacombe, the editor of the Post and many others. At 8 p. m. the hall was packed to its utmost capacity and shortly afterwards the band of twelve who are members of the Federal Parliament with their leader, Mr. Borden, filed in. They were heartily cheered as they took their seats on the platform. Many ladies among whom we noticed Mrs. Kains and Mrs. Boyle, graced the hall with their presence.

Mr. Bell, M. P. for Picton, Nova Scotia, was the first speaker. He stated he and his colleagues had come some 4000 miles west in order to see for themselves the great progress of the West. The West, he said was destined in the future to eclipse the progress of the older provinces and owing to the great resources which they had seen with their own eyes, the centre of population would be west of Lake Superior. The leader of the opposition, Mr. Borden, who has a commanding figure and is about forty five years of age then rose to his feet and made one of the best speeches we have heard in the West. He said they had met with a hearty reception and every courtesy at all the points they had spoken and the wonderful progress and prosperity of the West had been a revelation to them. He gave the audience a short sketch of what the Opposition had been doing in parliament but their efforts had met with indifferent success. He had endeavored to obtain some information regarding the exemption of taxes of the C. P. R. and the result of the case in the Court, but he was as much in the dark as ever. Some people imagined the Conservative party was disorganized. Such, however was far from being the case. They were united in one body and he believed the next elections would see them in power again. Their policy, which they termed a National Policy was the same that it had always been. They had not changed their platform. They believed in a protective policy to a great extent and in the next election the issue would be a question mainly of Tariff. He gave some interesting statistics and in the course of his remarks he criticised Mr. Tarte's peculiar tactics in no unmeasured terms. At the conclusion of his address he received a perfect ovation of applause. Several other addresses were made but owing to the heat and an abnormal thirst we were obliged to leave.

In the morning we took the train to Millet, one of the newest burgs on the C. & E. There is a first class hotel here kept by Mr. Johnson and his wife, two livery barns, two general stores, a butcher shop just opened by Mr. Wade of Leduc, real estate office occupied by R. T. Hamilton, several private dwellings and a handsome Methodist church. There is good farming land in the vicinity and quite a large number of new settlers. Ole Erickson, wife and family of six from South Da. have purchased on section 8-48-24 close to Millet and at the time of our visit the Metropolitan Hotel was full but nobody in the hotel was in that condition. Frank Sullivan the painter was making contract for painting. Miss Neeson a lovely girl of nineteen, sister of the landlady was assisting in the management, and Miss Matrice, daughter of the Land Guide at Wetaskiwin was enjoying a visit with her returning home on Wednesday. On Monday evening an impromptu dance was held at the hotel which was a great success. Tuesday night we had a concert in the parlor. The two ladies referred to are accomplished singers and treated us to several songs. Mr. Blabes, postmaster sang some capital comic songs also Mr. Hamilton assist your humble servant who cannot play the organ, played the tool instead. Our former townsman, Peter Iverson, was busy finishing his new barn and says he will remain in Millet for the rest his life. We do not blame him. We had one of the most enjoyable visits experienced in any place and reached home completely recovered from the differential calculus one of the most insidious diseases known to mankind.

...The Berliner...

Gramophones

are the Best

Talking Machines

on the market today. We are the Ponoka Agents and invite inspection of the machines by all.

A complete line of Records kept in stock.

R. W. McKinnell,
Druggist Ponoka

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, Representing
The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.
The Best Company in America to do business with.
NO COMMISSION. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE.
Communication invited. Opposite McLeod's store.
JOHN McKENTY, REAL ESTATE Financial Broker.
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER. ...LACOMBE, Alta.

Follow the Crowd

—TO—
B. C. GROAT'S CONFECTIONERY STORE.
...FOR YOUR...
PRESERVING FRUITS.
A nice lot of peaches, pears, plums, crab apples, etc. from British Columbia and California. Get our prices before going elsewhere.
I kindly solicit a share of your trade.
Next Door to HERALD OFFICE. B. C. GROAT.

W. E. TURNER & CO.
Dealers in
Native and Coast Lumber.
SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, SHINGLES AND LATH.
PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.
Ponoka, Alta.

...Brick House... ...Newly Furnished.
...Everything strictly First-Class...
ROYAL HOTEL.
ANDERSON & DEA, Proprietors.
The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.
Special attention to commercial trade. Rates $1 to $2 per day.

Pioneer Barn.
DRAYING Promptly DONE.
W. M. JONES, Prop.
C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.
Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.
Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

W. R. Courtright & Son,
THE LEADING
Lumber Dealers.
MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS
DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY
Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

John Simington
CARPENTER
—AND—
CONTRACTOR
...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...
Estimates Cheerfully Given.. ...All Work Guaranteed,
CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copywright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Mother, you must not hint at such a thing. I have unbounded faith in him, as I am sure he has in me. It is for his sake I am going, and, mother—forgive me—whatever you say or do, I shall go."

She could say nothing, and to close the matter I struck while the iron was hot and secured our passage that very afternoon, paying the deposit. Mr. Snuyzer's name was also down on the list of passengers, which was a comfort to me, for I saw that he was confident of success in his present mission. If he intercepted the yacht and rescued Willie, we need not start, mother and I, and I would gladly forfeit the deposit. What Willie would do there was no saying.

But the days passed, Friday, then Saturday, without one word of news. How I got through the time I can hardly say. Mother saw that I was wretched and, thinking I was fussing and fretting over our rash expedition, tried timidly—sweet mother!—to get me to give it up.

But I was only the more determined to go. The day wore on. I was hoping against hope, and in my own secret heart I was becoming terribly frightened, almost out of my wits, but I fought hard against that. I knew that if I gave way one little bit I should break down utterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE S. S. CHATTAHOOCHEE.

I never felt so deserted and forlorn as when I stood on the platform at Waterloo on the Sunday morning waiting for the special train for Southampton. There was a great mob of people crowding and clamoring around passengers and their friends to see them off—all strangers to me, many of them talking an uncouth, unintelligible language. The porters were too much overpowered with luggage to attend to me, and I had Roy to look after.

He was very fractious, dragging at his chain, yelping in short, angry snaps, with fierce shows of teeth, and keeping every one at a distance. I cannot say what I should have done but for the kindness of a man, a gentleman who spoke with a strong Yankee twang and who found us seats. He persuaded the guard to allow Roy to remain in the carriage with us, and the dog was for the moment good. I don't know why I burdened myself with him, but I clung to him feebly, desperately, for no other reason than that he was Willie's, the only real living link left me with my dear missing friend.

This new acquaintance was a youth, little more, in a straw hat and a light check suit; he wore no gloves and had a diamond ring on one finger and a great diamond brooch in his slipknot tie. He was not handsome, far from it—freckled face, red hair and ferrety eyes—and yet there were kindliness, good feeling, chivalry in his face, that many a better born gentleman might have envied him.

"Guess you're new to this kind of thing," he said affably as we started. "Never been across before?"

Mother frowned at me from her corner as though to check this forward stranger, but I was so sure he meant well and so grateful to him for his kindness that I smiled and let him talk on.

"You see, there are a lot of big toads in this puddle, and outsiders are left a long way behind. Quite a number of swells on board the train—dukes and duchesses, young millionaires, that Croesus British captain."

My heart bounded at the names he mentioned, for I knew that he was referring to the conspirators, and I asked him, rather nervously, if he knew any of these people by sight. I dared not tell him, of course, how deeply they interested me.

"Why, certainly; the whole hypothec. There's the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. The title is Spanish, not much, I take it, like their castles. But she's an amazing fine woman, tall and handsome. Reckon that's won her her duke. She was on the boards once—some Boston variety show. The duke's like a bit of dried root and black as sarsaparilla."

"And this millionaire?"

"Wood. You have heard of him. Is that so? The young English captain who got all the McFaught millions. I needn't show him you; guess you know him by sight?"

How was I to answer this most embarrassing question? Was it put quite innocently? Had this man any suspicion? I looked into his little pale blue eyes, but they never faltered, and I replied that, like the rest of the world, I had heard the story.

"He's no great shakes, you'll say, not for a British officer. Don't fit his fortune quite. It's a good deal to live up to."

When the train ran into Southampton and we left it for the wharf where lay the little tender that was to convey us to the big liner, Mr. Rossiter (my new friend's name) showed us the people he had named. We were crowded now into a narrow space, and sat almost in each other's pockets. It was easy to make out every one, and I soon learned all I wanted to know.

First, there was the arch impostor, the villain who was masquerading as my dear Willie Wood. I saw a short, thickset, vulgar looking man, very much overdressed, smoking a long cigar, holding his head high, as though arrogance and hauteur were in his part. He was not alone; his two companions, the only persons to whom he spoke, were the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, as my friend whispered me.

I confess I stared at them with all my eyes, my heart beating tumultuously. If I only knew what they did! They had been with Willie—were the last to see him, probably, in the Victoria dock.

The man, a small man, thin, twisted, snakelike, and venomous, was no doubt the ringleader, one of the prime movers in the plot. As I looked at his dark, sallow face, heavy, brooding, with dull, savage, bloodshot eyes, I trembled to think I might have to measure strength with him—that I, a weak, helpless woman, might be called upon to unmask him, and bring him to account. What chance should I have alone against these unscrupulous, murderous, coldly deliberate villains?

I got some little comfort, however, from my examination of the woman. Duchess or no duchess, accomplice and confederate or hapless tool, willing or constrained, I knew that within her poor means she had been kind to Willie, and would have helped him if she could. She was not wholly bad, I felt sure. A handsome woman, undoubtedly; very tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful face, although with a sad, worn, anxious expression—the face of one who had known some trouble. Was she vexed, harassed, tortured perchance, by a past that was irrevocable, at present hateful and intolerable, which she was powerless to mend? There could be but little sympathy between her and her husband. They hardly spoke to each other; when they did, the man seemed to snarl, and if she answered at all, it was only in sullen monosyllables. When the false Willie Wood addressed her, which he did from time to time with an air of easy familiarity, she disdained to reply at all. It was clear the conspirators were not a happy family.

While I sat looking intently at these people and engrossed with very serious thoughts, I was disturbed by Fanshawe, my maid, who came up and said, in a very fretful, disappointed tone:

"Please, Miss Frida, I'm worrited to death with this tiresome dog. Whatever made you bring him is more than I can say. I can do nothing with him."

Roy had been pretty good till now, and when we got on board the tender I handed him over to Fanshawe. He had followed her very obediently from the train to the quayside, but when once embarked had shown the most unaccountable restlessness. He began questing about the deck, dragging Fanshawe after him, for he had great strength and, besides, he growled so threateningly that she was forced to give in to him. When I took him in hand he displayed the same restlessness. At last, in despair, she appealed to me.

I again took the leash out of her hand and tried to pacify him. As a rule I could manage him. He had taken to me long before, in the early days of our acquaintance, and now, since Willie was gone, he transferred his affection, as I hoped, to me. But now I had lost all control over him. He would not keep quiet, still much less crouch down at my feet. He disdained to obey. I tried all ways with him—spoke to him softly and sweetly, scolded him and cuffed him, but all to no purpose. He stood away from me at the longest distance his chain would allow, as if we were utter strangers and his only idea was to break entirely away at the very first chance.

Then, just as our tender ran alongside the great liner, and I was occupied with mother and all our belongings, he made one great snatch at his chain. It slipped through my fingers and in an instant he was gone. He ran forward to the bows of the tug, and I could hear him raging furiously along the deck through the throng with loud, quite joyous yelps, as eager as if he was rounding up a flock of scattered sheep on the mountain home of his ancestors.

In the end I saw him crossing the gangway at the fore part—that put down for the second cabin passengers. He was thrusting his way through them noisily, and was one of the earliest at the ladder, which he ran up, to disappear hastily into the big ship.

Directly I had installed mother into a snug place in the music room and set Fanshawe to unpack I made inquiries for the dog.

[CONTINUED.]

Streets of New York.

If the streets of New York city were placed end to end, they would reach from Long Island sound to San Francisco bay.

Baked Beans.

Half a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with the water poured over beans in the baking gives a fine flavor and makes the beans more easily digested.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

Why the Goat and the Wolf Failed to Come to an Understanding.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

The Wolf, having made up his mind that he would eat the Goat, left his lair in the forest and made his way to the farmyard, where he soon espied the Goat lying on the roof of a shed.

"I have come," began the Wolf, "to propose a truce between us. I can see no reason why we should be enemies."

"Not a reason," replied the Goat though he knew of a dozen.

"We could have lots of fun playing together."

"Heaps of fun."

"And you could wander in the greenwood any time, and I could come here and feel at home."

"I'm on to all you say."

"But that there may be no cause for distrust between us," continued the

HE ESPIED THE GOAT LYING ON THE ROOF.

Wolf as he smiled in a guileless way, "I have a suggestion to make. I will have my teeth pulled out, and you shall have your horns sawed off."

"That's the ticket, and I'm agreeable," replied the Goat.

"That's what I expected from a fair minded Goat like you. Will you now ask your master to use the saw on your horns?"

"After he has knocked your teeth out with the ax."

"But I am willing you should have the first show."

"And I feel that way toward you."

"You seem to mistrust me," said the Wolf as he began to bristle up.

"And you to doubt me," replied the Goat as he rattled his horns.

"Say, now, but you can't work me for a flat!"

"And I'm no tenderfoot!"

"You hypocrite!"

"You villain!"

Moral.—It's the other fellow who ought to let us take advantage of him.

M. QUAD.

A Fair Divide.

"The American publisher is supposed to be a very thrifty person," said the Bostonian who had been making a European trip, "but in Paris I came across an instance to prove that the Yankee isn't in it. I was stopping at a hotel where a workman was sent for to solder a leaking water pipe, and he had only got to work when he fell dead of heart disease. It was a matter of two hours before his body was discovered, and it had hardly been taken away before the plumber sent in his bill. He had tacked on for the two hours that the man lay dead in the house! The landlord refused to pay, and the case went to court, and the verdict was:

"'As neither the employer nor the landlord was to blame for the man's dying when he did the bill for extra is to be reduced one-half.'"

Italian Assassins.

In Italy thirty persons out of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

His Genial Reception.

General Starr, a gallant old soldier, had an irrepressible dislike for young lieutenants fresh from West Point. In 1874 General Starr was in command at Fort Riley, and one day an orderly came to his quarters with the message that Lieutenant Morrison, just from West Point, was at the post ready to pay his respects and report for duty. In response to this message the old general was starting for his office, when his wife, a motherly old soul, plucked him by the sleeve and said, "Now, general, promise me that you won't be rough with that young man."

"Rough?" said the old man, smiling amiably upon his matrimonial companion. "Why, I'll be peaches and cream unless the young dog riles me."

Reaching his office, the general was confronted with a dapper little fellow as spick and span as though he had just come from the hands of his barber and tailor, while he had the half supercilious air that seems inseparable from the first stages of military education.

Looking the young lieutenant over for half a moment, the old general said with great dignity: "How do you do, Mr. Morrison. I am pleased to see you." Then as a flush gradually mounted over his weather beaten features he added: "I am always glad to see you young men from the Military academy. You—you—there the general ended with a roar: you think yourself so hanged smart!"

FALL PLANTING.

For Strawberries It Gives Good Results With Intensive Culture.

Although not to be generally recommended, the fall planting of strawberries can sometimes be used with good results, say the horticulturists of the Michigan station, but in order to succeed special pains must be taken both with the soil and plants. In the states farther south, where the seasons of growth will be considerably longer, this method of growing strawberries is preferred to planting in the spring. In seasons when the weather is moist during August and September very good results can be obtained in Michigan, but if drought prevails there is danger of a check to the plants, and this will result disastrously.

Upon soil that will not suffer seriously from drought or where water can be applied the fall setting will give good results. As the season of growth will be comparatively short at best, the soil should be thoroughly prepared and enriched. The plants should be of some strong growing variety that will furnish large crowns and that are adapted to hill culture.

Unless water for irrigation is at hand the planting should be delayed until the ground has been well moistened by rain, but if possible the planting should be done before the 1st of September. Good results, however, can be secured if the plants are set out by the middle of September. The rows should be from two to two and a half feet apart and the plants ten inches in the rows. Even though the ground has been well enriched, it will be advisable to mulch the plants by spreading decomposed manure along each side of the rows.

The ground should be occasionally worked during the fall and up to the time of freezing weather so that it will be entirely free from weeds. The ground should then be mulched, and in the spring receive a shallow cultivation. It will be desirable to replace the mulch before the blossoms have opened, and unless the winter mulch is sufficient to cover the ground so as to keep down the weeds and conserve the moisture an additional amount should be employed.

This method of strawberry culture is not recommended for the general planter, but for the amateur and for the home garden, especially where the starting of a new plantation was neglected in the spring.

Relations of the San Jose Scale.

To the current number of The Canadian Entomologist Prof. King of Lawrence, Mass., has contributed a summary of the scale insects, with their localities, known in British America. It comprises 59 determined species. One species has been found only in the Yukon district, forty-eight in Ontario, thirteen in the Maritime Provinces, nine in Quebec and ten in western Canada. As to localities, Ottawa takes the lead, doubtless because that is Dr. Fletcher's hunting ground, while London comes next, probably owing to the industry of Prof. Dearness, after whom two of the new species are named.

The scale insects form an extensive order. They are generally minute, and to the unpracticed eye many of them so much resemble each other as to be mistaken for the same species. It may be noted that they are all parasitic insects, feeding upon the juices of living plants. Of the fifty or sixty Canadian species, native or introduced, only five or six have proved themselves seriously destructive to fruit trees. The best known of these are the notorious San Jose scale, the oyster form scale, the scurfy bark louse, the oyster shell bark louse, the plum scale, and to these may be added the woolly scale of the maple. The only useful species known is the cochineal insect, a scale that lives on the cactus in tropical America, and which yields the carmine dyes.

Harder to Say No Than Yes.

He was a most worthy young man, with a fondness for discussing sociological and moral questions, and once started on his hobby he could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted in his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she was willing to confess that she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course she had done it in the delicate ways women have in those matters, but what he needed was a club.

Not a great while ago he was calling as usual, and as usual he was neglecting sentiment for something that only made a girl tired. This time he was moralizing on the temptations of life and the proneness of people to yield without making the proper effort against them in whatever form they might appear.

"However," he said in conclusion, displaying a commendable spirit of charity for the weak, "it is a very difficult thing for any one to say 'No.'"

Here was an unexpected chance for her.

"And conversely," she responded slowly so he could get the full force of it, "it should be very easy for one to say 'Yes.'"

He looked her straight in the eyes at last, and a hush fell upon the scene.

"Um-er-um," he hesitated, "Miss Kate, am I a chump?"

"It is very difficult for one to say 'No.'" she said with a pretty little smile, and later she found it quite easy to say "Yes."

The greater a man is the less disposed he is to show his greatness. True nobility of soul rises above and suppresses the love of show.—W. E. Channing.

THEY NEVER FAIL—Mr. S. M. Broughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Women would soon tire of men if men were as good as they think men should be.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

If we cannot lay the foundation, it is something to clear away the rubbish. If we cannot get up truth, it is something to pull down error.—Macaulay.

A fool and her money are soon courted.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure all the Ills of Little Babies and Big Children.

This medicine is good for all children, from the feeblest infant, whose life seems to hang by a thread, to the sturdy boy whose digestive apparatus occasionally gets out of order. There is no stomach or bowel trouble that Baby's Own Tablets will not speedily remove and promptly cure, and do it in a natural way, as the medicine is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Experienced mothers everywhere praise Baby's Own Tablets above all medicines. Mrs. James A. Wilson, Wyoming, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, and consider them indispensable in any home where there are young children. One of my children was very fretful, and I always found the Tablets comforting, and a splendid regulator of the stomach and bowels. I think the Tablets have been the means of promoting many a sound night's rest for both myself and children."

Children take these tablets as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicines, or post paid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

There is no lot in life so stern and cold and hard but it has somewhere a warm and secret corner where the human affection can blossom.—Jefferson.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentry Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentry, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

A man's second love nearly always owns more property than his first one.

No matter how tight a girl's shoes are she never likes to acknowledge the corn.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B.C.

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur.

The most complete health resort on the continent of North America.

Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases.

Its Waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Ailments.

They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic Troubles.

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¶ Then write to us for prices and terms upon TYPE, MATERIAL and MACHINERY.

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THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

Such has been the increase of population in civilized countries that the space occupied by one person a century ago must now contain three.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery. 20

It is well to remember when papering a small room that blue in all light shades makes a room look larger. Dark colors, or paper with large patters, have the opposite effect.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30.00, cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,
Hotel Keeper
St. Phillip's Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure a man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—Zimmerman.

SKEPTICISM.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Leeds corporation is to supply gas cooking grids free of charge to customers having automatic meters.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory.—Fowell Buxton.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain; and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded

The youngest monarch who ever ascended the British throne was Henry VI. He was 8 months and 25 days old at his accession.

Some men seek justice and some have it forced upon them.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

If at first some women don't succeed they marry a second time.

Some girls give up a kiss as if they were having a tooth pulled.

Success first makes the name—after which the name makes more success.

There is always something coming to us that we should like to see sidetracked.

Lowell's First Client.

James Russell Lowell studied law and took an office, but never had a case at court. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale told, however, the story of Lowell's first client. The poet had just come in from a walk to the house and was pacing up and down a sonnet when the door opened and a strange man appeared with a look of doubt or trouble in his eyes.

Lowell hastily hid the sonnet in a pocket, sprang up with all the alacrity of courtesy he could command, offered a chair to the visitor, took his hat and put it on the table with as much reverence as if it were a retainer, drew up a chair opposite, pulled out a brand new note book and, waving his pencil in a soft, inviting, confidential way, began: "Well, sir, I am all ready to take notes of your case. Please tell me everything, even the most trivial circumstance."

The stranger stared at him with open mouth for a minute, then grinned most amiably as he answered: "I'm the painter of your sign, sir; come to get my little bill."

China's Faith Is Weakening.

No town in either Siam or China is considered complete without a pagoda, and many large cities have several. There must be nearly 2,000 in the two empires, among which Wat Chang is perhaps the most celebrated. It is rare to see a new pagoda, and the ruinous condition of most of them indicates the weakness of the faith which erected them. They vary in height from 5 to 13 stories and are built mostly in so solid and substantial a manner that they are likely to remain for centuries.

Distance of the Stars.

To find the relative distance of the sun and stars, suppose the earth and sun but one inch apart. At the same relative distance the nearest fixed star would be just eleven miles away.

AT SMITH'S FALLS.

WONDERFUL CASE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

So Weak He Couldn't Stand—Terribly Broken Up and Unable to Find a Cure—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Smith's Falls, Aug. 25.—(Special)—The cure of Mr. Theodore Young, of this place, is a wonderful example of the progress that medical science has made in the last few years.

Up till a short time ago the doctors claimed that Bright's Disease was absolutely incurable, and in fact there are a few who still adhere to this theory.

But Bright's Disease is not incurable. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure this terrible malady and have done so in thousands of cases.

Those who are skeptical need not go farther than this town to find proof Mr. Young makes this statement.

"I was afflicted for about two years with Kidney Trouble and chronic Bright's Disease. My urine was very dark and I lost considerable blood, making me so weak I could scarcely stand.

"After using the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I was much better, and when I had used four boxes I was able to resume work, which I had not done for some time previous.

"I can conscientiously recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one afflicted as I was."

Mr. Young's case is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills came to the rescue after everything else had failed. They have conquered Bright's Disease and restored to life and health men and women who had not expected to ever again enjoy this great blessing.

Dodd's Kidney Pills having demonstrated their ability to grapple with Kidney Disease in its very worst form—Bright's Disease—can certainly be depended on to cure any of the lesser forms.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that has ever cured Bright's Disease

Every life is a work of art shaped by the man who lives it; according to the faculty of the artist will be the quality of his work, and no general rules can supply the place of his own direct perception at every turn. —Dickinson.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state or morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, guaged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee thou art no less bitter on that account.—Sterne.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

A very poor sort of a man may be wealthy if he has the money.

When a tramp sees an axe it always gives him a splitting headache.

An epitaph on a man's tombstone never indicates that he was a bore.

Every man carries what he believes is a real secret. There are no real secrets.

The quarrels over "principle" are the meanest and most bitter in the world.

Satisfy some people and you are in wrong.

Some men succeed by ability and some rely on their nerve.

Women sometimes feel unworthy of their husbands—in novels.

Wise Ways of Women.

No "prizes" offered with common soaps will long tempt the wise woman to use common soaps. The wise woman soon sees she has to pay dearly for "prizes" in the low quality of soap, in the damage common soaps do her clothes and her hands. The wise woman considers her health—so soon ruined if she were to continue breathing the steam of adulterated common soaps. The wise woman recognizes the difference between such soaps and Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. 213

THE CLUMSY MAN.

You Can Never Be Sure of What His Next Break Will Be.

The great virtue about the really clumsy man is that he never exhausts his capabilities. When you think that the bedrock is reached, there is still a lower depth. If a detrimental relative should exist, the clumsy man asks after his health with great particularity and will not be satisfied until he receives a full and detailed reply. Should there be any incident in your past which everybody has generously agreed to forget it is the clumsy man who seizes the one, the inevitable opportunity, when the club is at its fullest and says loudly: "Somebody was talking the other day about that unfortunate little affair of yours in '95. Now tell me!"

When on meeting him you say casually and with no desire for information, "How are you?" he insists on giving you complete data, and he is as full of small complaints as a refractory pauper. It is only fair to add that he will ask affectionately after the colds of yesteryear, and his favorite locale for this is at the corner of a drafty street. He might be subsidized by influenza or he might get a commission on sore throats from his eagerness to pin you into the most dangerous position that can be discovered.

One desires an adequate amount of sympathy in distress, but our man always goes a little beyond this point. You are growing thin, and he says that you are wasting away to a shadow. You are growing stout, and he tells an unamusing anecdote about apoplexy. He can be more critical than a hairdresser if occasion gives the least excuse.

A UNIQUE DORMITORY.

One That Is Owned by the University of the South.

Dean Hoffman was noted for charitable impulses, which his large income allowed him to indulge in. Some years ago the dean invested heavily in land in a small southern town which was then enjoying a "boom" period. Among the dean's other investments was a beautiful little hotel, exquisitely appointed and perfect in every detail. After awhile the "boom" fell through, and the little hotel became a losing investment.

At this time the chancellor of the University of the South, an old friend of Dean Hoffman, was on a hunting trip with him in the mountains of North Carolina.

"We are badly in need of a dormitory down at Suwanee," said the chancellor.

"Yes," said Hoffman and sat thinking for a moment. "Well, you can have the hotel building down at B——," naming the town. "You can take it to pieces and move it to Suwanee. It ought to make a pretty little dormitory."

The chancellor was greatly pleased and made all the arrangements to move the hotel, when, to his astonishment, the citizens of the town obtained an injunction against its removal on the grounds that the hotel in a way was public property and that to remove it would leave the town without any hotel accommodations. A legal fight followed, but the university won out in the end. So the University of the South revels in the luxury of the most unique dormitory in the world.

The Home of the Kindergarten.

The Japanese have the most perfect kindergarten system in the world. In fact, they originated this method of instructing by entertainment instead of by punishment inflicted. Their play apparatus for such purpose is elaborate, but all of it is adapted to the infant mind, which it is designed at once to amuse and to inform. The little ones of Japan even become somewhat interested in mathematics by seeing and feeling what a pretty thing a cone, a sphere or a cylinder is when cut out of wood with a lathe. They make outlines of solid figures out of straw, with green peas to hold the joints together, and for the instruction of the blind flat blocks are provided with the Japanese characters raised upon them.

Insomnia Remedies.

However hopeless you may consider your case, be slow to fly to drugs for relief from insomnia. A rubber bag full of broken ice applied to the back of the neck and a hot water bag at the feet are highly recommended as a remedy for insomnia even in obstinate cases. The circulation is equalized by this treatment.

The secret of hot milk cure also recommended for sufferers from insomnia lies in sipping the beverage. The act of slowly swallowing the liquid is soothing in its effect and generally produces the much desired drowsy feeling which leads to the coveted sleep.

In a Higher Position.

"Me darter Nora is goin' to marry Casey, that wurrucks in the basemint iv thot buildin', but Oi do be tillin' her that she moight hev looked higher!"

"Indade?"

"Yis. She cud hev hod Murphy, that wurrucks on the top story iv that same skoiscraper."

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Ogilvie's Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure.
Put up in all sized packages.

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR.
Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

It is poor economy to buy ordinary tea when Blue Ribbon Ceylon can be had at a reasonable price.

HOW IS YOUR LIVER?

USE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. ***The First Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.*** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX." ***BEECHAM'S PILLS,*** taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular system; restoring the long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ***Rosebud of Health the whole Physical Energy*** of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that ***Beecham's Pills have the largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.*** Full directions with each box.

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Do not act as if thou wast going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good.—Marcus Aurelius.

We have not always an opportunity of doing great things; but we can hourly perform insignificant actions with an ardent love.—St. Francis of Sales.

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The Original and only Genuine

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"Ah There, Girls!"

Do you know why you are like LUCINA Cigars? Tell us quick. Because you are always the same, sweet and good.

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W. N. U. No. 391.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

Without discretion, learning is pedantry and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active to his own prejudice.—Addison.

People who use religion as a cloak in this world will doubtless manage to keep warm in the next without a cloak.

BOWSER IN HISTORY

SELECTED AS ONE OF FIFTY OF THE MOST EMINENT CITIZENS.

His Wife Aids Him In Recalling the Most Striking Incidents of His Life, Which Would Have Covered Over Ten Pages but For an Accident.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

WHEN Mr. Bowser came home the other evening, he didn't have "that tired feeling" to warn Mrs. Bowser that he proposed to kick up a row over the gas bill; but, on the contrary, he was stepping high and swelled up with importance. She knew in an instant that some one had been flattering him, and that if she only gave him rope enough he would explain all. He looked at her and talked to her in a patronizing way throughout the dinner hour, and he appeared to be on his guard against letting himself down.

"HE WAS KICKED IN THE STOMACH BY A COW."

When dinner was over, he lighted his cigar and paced back and forth across the sitting room with his head up and shoulders squared, and the cat made up her mind that he had either fallen heir to a big fortune or had discovered that one of his ancestors was at the helm of Noah's ark during a good share of the voyage. At last he spoke.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, "if you are not too busy this evening I should like your help for a few minutes."

"Certainly," she replied.

"There was a gentleman in the office this afternoon with a book entitled 'Historic Men of America.' As it has not been issued yet, of course you have not heard of it. Perhaps I should have said a proposed book."

"Well?"

"The idea is to make a book of 500 pages. The lives of fifty of the most prominent men in America are to be written up, and each will fill ten pages. It is to be a very exclusive work, bound in gilt and morocco, and selling for $10 per volume. I have been selected as one of the fifty to be written up."

"Yes."

"And I want you to help me recall the leading incidents of my life and make a little sketch for the historian to go by."

"How much is it going to cost you?" she asked.

"I take ten of the books at $10 each. He would have been glad to write me up free of cost, but of course we want at least ten of the books. He came all the way from Boston to see me, and should I repeat one-half the nice things he said you would think me conceited. Let us see what we can get up. You know my life as well as I do myself."

Mrs. Bowser drew a long breath, looked at him in pity, and after a moment's thought she said:

"Well, at the age of ten years, which is probably going back far enough, you were kicked in the stomach by a cow and laid up for two weeks, as you have often related. That is the beginning of your history."

"Woman, do you mean to insult me?" he exclaimed as he flushed up.

"Of course not. If this is to be a history of you, we must get in all the incidents. Don't the histories of Washington record the cherry tree incident? The next thing to happen to you was when you were twelve years old; you fell into the family cistern."

"Are you talking in sarcasm?" he asked as he glared at her.

"Not at all. Every history of every great man goes back to his boyhood. Don't we read that Homer rescued a cat from the jaws of a dog when he was only four years old? All these early incidents are supposed to have a bearing on a man's character. Let me see; at fourteen you fell in love for the first time and wanted to commit suicide by swallowing a box of bluing because the girl played tag with another boy."

"By thunder, but you want to make out that I'm an ass!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he bobbed around on his chair.

"Nothing of the sort," she smilingly replied. "You were making history at a very youthful period, and it should all go into the book. At fifteen, as I have often heard you say, you attended your first circus, and a camel ate up your hat. At sixteen you fell in love with your Aunt Margaret and wanted her to elope with you. At seventeen"—

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Bowser as he brought his fist down on the table with such force as to lift the cat off the floor. "Do you suppose such twaddle as that is to pass into history? If it did, the reader would take me for a fool."

"Well, we'll skip a few years then," replied Mrs. Bowser. "At the age of twenty-one you rescued a calf from drowning. It was a very heroic action on your part. A few months later you challenged a young man to fight a duel because he called your sweetheart redheaded, and it was not your fault that he failed to lie on the ground. At the age of twenty-two lightning struck a neighbor's barn, and but for you a mule would have perished in the flames. A year later"—

"Hold on!" he hoarsely whispered. "Hold on where you are! I might have known how things would come out. If you insult me further, I may forget that you are my wife!"

"But who has insulted you? If you are going to make up ten pages of history, you will have to make use of all the incidents happening in your life. What has happened to you in the last twenty years, for instance? You fell in love with and married me, you bought a hog, you bought a cow, you bought chickens, you bought fire escapes and spring tonics and root beer and runaway horses and a bike, and you"—

"Madam, go up to your room!" said Mr. Bowser as he arose and pointed to the ceiling.

"But I want to help you to recall."

"Go up—go!"

"At the age of twenty-three you wanted to hang yourself in the cowshed because"—

"I say go!"

Mrs. Bowser went. It was the only way to avoid a row. She left Mr. Bowser pacing up and down and the ends of his hair curling and snapping, but she had scarcely reached her room when the doorbell rang. The historian had come to see Mr. Bowser about a full length portrait for the book. The historian had stopped at five or six saloons on the way, and he had arrived with wheels in his head. He had only got seated in the back parlor when those wheels began to go round, and he looked at Mr. Bowser in a helpless way and asked:

"Are you Mr. Bawsher or—or the other feller? If you are Mr. Bowsher, I don't want to shay nozzing—not a word—but if you are the other feller"—

"Well?"

"I want to tell you good zhoke—good zhoke. Got an old cmap on er string for a hundred dollars; name's old Bowsher, and he's an ass. If he don't give it away to his wife"—

Mr. Bowser rose up and took the historian by the neck and led him down the hall; then, as Mrs. Bowser looked over the railing, he opened the door and planted his shoe three times against future history and turned away with white face and swallowing at the lump in his throat. A deep, mysterious silence settled upon the house for the next hour, and Mrs. Bowser crept softly down stairs to find him asleep on the lounge and the cat hidden away in the darkest corner. His ten page history was closed.

M. QUAD.

A Drawback.

"How I could love dat gal if she wasn't such a pronounced brunette!"—New York Journal.

Ma's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope?

Ma—I really don't know, my son, but I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother.

Not an Objection.

The Proprietor—But we haven't enough work to keep another man busy.

The Applicant—Oh, I don't mind that. What I want is a steady job.

Take Example.

Customer (at a restaurant)—Can I see the proprietor?

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but he's just stepped out to lunch.

Little Willie's Laughter.

I just laughed till I cried—
Oh, the lesson pa taught me!—
I was laughing at pa
Till it happened he caught me.

Quite a Gusher.

Friend—Then your oil is really gushing?

Promoter—Say, it's gushing like a prospectus!

Hurricane Pressure.

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an hour the pressure on each square foot of surface is three and a half pounds.

The Antiquity of Ivory.

The Phœnicians obtained ivory from the Persian gulf. In Nineveh, on the other hand, an ivory object carved in Egypt has been found which is no doubt of African material.

GOOD ROAD MACHINES.

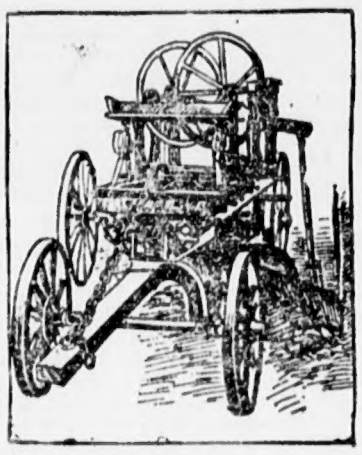
They Accomplish Wonders and Soon Pay for Themselves—Every Country District Should Have One.

The season is at hand when the practical side of roadmaking will receive its due attention, and the knowledge and energy acquired by the winter's agitation will be called into play. It is not necessary, much less is it possible, to build macadam and telford roads through all of the farming districts, and if the country pathmasters could be made to understand the great difference in results which follow different methods of "working the road" and that good drainage and good machinery will together accomplish wonders without an extravagant expenditure of funds the solution of the country road question would be vastly progressed, says Isaac B. Potter in Good Roads.

Every country road district should have at least one good road machine or grader. It will do the work of thirty or more men when the conditions are such as to give the machine half a chance. It costs but a few hundred dollars, will save thousands, makes a better road than is commonly made by manual labor, needs but few repairs and rarely gets out of order. Moreover, it cuts out the roots from the weedy patches along the roadside and forms a gutter which receives and carried off the surface water and if faithfully employed will more than pay for itself in a single season.

Then, too, in the matter of gravel and stone a few hours' exploration in most neighborhoods will bring to light plenty of material that is vastly superior for roadmaking purposes to that found in the lines of the adjacent roadways. Most of this material has rested in its original bed for ages and is substantially worthless for any purpose aside from the work of the roadmaker. If gravel, it should be clean, sharp and gritty, and if not naturally of this quality it should be cleaned as fully as possible by passing it through a cheap screen with moderately coarse meshes.

Before being put in the road, unless the original soil is of a dry, sandy



ROAD MACHINE PREPARING EARTH ROAD.

or porous nature, a line of three inch draintile should be laid beneath the roadway and about four feet deep if possible, for, although this is not commonly regarded as necessary according to the established American practice, it adds vastly to the permanence of the roadway and insures its dryness at times when the gravel would otherwise disappear in the soft mud beneath.

Where stone of fair quality can be easily obtained, a macadam road is neither very costly nor very difficult of construction. It is a common notion among farmers that the construction of a road on the macadam plan is a complicated, difficult and expensive undertaking. A few intelligent farmers, equipped with a few hundred dollars' worth of machinery, can make a macadam road as permanent and efficient as could be desired.

The same engine that drives a steam thresher will operate a stone crusher, and stone crushers are becoming not only popular, but indispensable to the roadmaking outfit of every intelligent rural community. Great quantities of field stone can be selected from among the harder bowlders which lie so abundantly upon the surface in many of our counties, and if each farmer who now works out his road tax in the old fashioned way would contribute a few dollars to the purchase of a crusher and give a little of his time to the hauling of stone to the town stone heap he would be both amazed and gratified at the speed with which the stone breaker would convert those bowlders into great heaps of road metal, ripe and ready for a place in the improved roadway.

A practical attempt at this kind of improvement in towns where the wealth of the community is not sufficient to warrant expensive work under the direction of an engineer will lead to the most salutary results and by an object lesson prove to the users of public highways that the biggest tax ever imposed upon the rural population of the country has been the tax of the mud road.

Tree Felling Time.

Lumbermen say that the best times of the year for felling timber are midwinter and midsummer.

Dormant Accounts.

There is in Maine savings banks $72,502.54 belonging to individuals who have done no business with the banks for more than a score of years.

BREED FOR A DEFINITE TYPE.

When and How the Farmer Can Afford to Raise Colts.

There is much being said and written about the scarcity and high prices of horses. At such a time, when everything points to profits in horse raising, there is apt to be a lack of careful weighing of conditions which should be taken into consideration, writes Prof. J. H. Skinner of the University of Illinois.

The farmer can well afford to raise colts if he has good foundation stock and goes at it in a definite systematic way, that is, has an understanding of what the market demands and proceeds with a definite purpose or end in view. First-class horses belonging to the higher priced market classes have always been in demand at profitable prices, and it is on this kind of horses that the farmer will make his profit.

On the other hand the farmer who breeds anything he may happen to have regardless of weight, conformation and quality, to any stallion that may be at hand, whether light or heavy, scrub or pure bred, or in other words, the man who simply breeds his mares without any definite purpose in mind, paying no attention to the market demands and classes, will not only fail to make a profit, but by producing "misfits," he will help to bring about a condition similar to that which existed a few years ago.

The horse business, which is in the hands of so many different individuals, can easily be overdone. It will be five or six years before the colts of 1903 will be marketable. In that time the number of horses may increase several times, and unless particular attention is given to the kind bred, there will be such a large number of unclassed horses that the market will go to pieces, leaving the farmer the suck to hold, that is, a large number of cheap horses on his hands.

The farmers are the horse producers, and yet very few of them are familiar with market standards and classes. Their knowledge of the demands of the market is vague and indefinite and it is not surprising that 40 per cent. of the horses that reach the market belong to no particular class. The great danger to the horse industry lies in this lack of knowledge of standards, and the tendency to indiscriminate breeding.

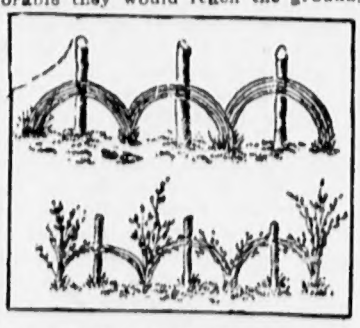
The market classes of horses are distinct, they are not classified according to color, breed or degree of soundness as many think, but according to conformation, weight and style, and the animal's fitness to do a particular kind of work, or fill a particular purpose. These market classes do not run from one immediately into another. There are wide gaps between them. For instance, a horse which is too light to go in the draft class, does not necessarily drop into the class which most nearly approaches it. To be just a little light for the draft class may mean that the animal belongs to no particular class.

There is no such a thing as a general purpose class in the market. The horse must be something, or he is nothing; that is, he must be a class horse suited to a special purpose, or a misfit. The general purpose horse is not heavy enough for the best farm work; he is not a coach, carriage, or saddle horse and consequently is a cheap unclassed horse.

Raspberry Training for the Amateur.

An Ohio Farmer correspondent gives some hints about a fashion of trellising raspberry bushes practiced by an English gardener as follows:

He set his plants about five feet apart, and between each two pair of plants he set a stake six feet high. The canes were allowed to grow at will without pinching and naturally arched over, as wild canes may be seen to do in the woods. Half the canes were bent each way against a post and fastened with bits of soft leather tacked to the post as grapevines are fastened to a building. They were not fastened in a close bundle, but spread up and down the post for a foot or more, as shown in upper figure. When the season was favorable they would reach the ground,



A NEAT WAY TO TRELLIS BLACKCAPS.

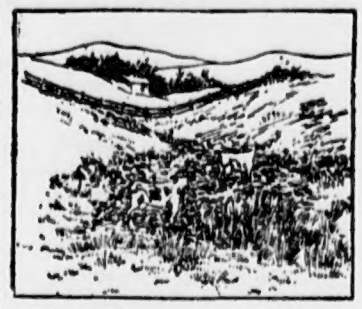
and then the tips could be layered if wanted.

In the spring the ends were cut back far enough to prevent the fruit getting dirty, and nothing more was done until after picking, when the old wood was cut away and loosened from the posts and the new wood fastened in place, it having previously grown at will. A plantation kept in this way had the rows snug and narrow until nearly picking time, when the new growth would sprawl somewhat, as shown in lower figure; but, as cultivation was stopped during July, this did not matter. This probably would not pay for the commercial grower, but for the careful amateur would be both neat and novel.

A FARM WATER SUPPLY.

A Small Spring Made Very Useful in Crop Production—Prof. Wickson Tells How.

The opening up of springs is often a very satisfactory means of obtaining a farm supply of irrigation water. Their development sometimes consists in the excavation of a reservoir in a piece of springy or marshy ground or in laying underdrains to take their flow and connecting them with a more convenient reservoir site at a distance. Sometimes a spring whose flow cannot be recovered from the area of boggy ground below it can be opened up and its waters readily directed to a single channel or to a pipe leading to a reservoir (see the cuts). Professor Wickson of California in writing of



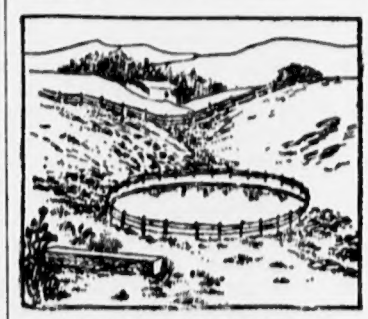
HOGHOLE BELOW A HILLSIDE SPRING.

field and garden irrigation tells how by this means waste land which is both useless and treacherous is reclaimed and made productive, while at the same time the waste water which destroyed it is utilized to make other lands more productive.

Professor Wickson says: Many farms have blemishes of this kind to be removed, and long and costly channels are cut merely to provide an outflow to a water course. It would often be less expensive to include a system of irrigation and thus to double the return for the necessary expenditure. Foul mudholes which are maintained for watering stock can be made to yield a wholesome supply for stock and an irrigation supply for the farm garden by piping from the reservoir, which can be constructed on the site of the old mudhole at a little cost. All these improvements can be accomplished by the ordinary methods and materials for underground drainage.

There is one matter in connection with a projected utilization for any small outcropping of water to which careful attention should be given, and that is approximate knowledge of the amount of water which can be made available. This may be obtained before investment of labor or material is made by opening up the spring thoroughly, cleaning it out to expose its outflow and measuring the flow in a water tight basin or a vessel of known capacity. Note the time required to fill the vessel, and it can be quickly calculated how much the spring will yield in twenty-four hours. Almost every one will be surprised at the result of the measurement. A trickle of water thought to be too insignificant for consideration will be found to yield a very effective continuous flow if the water is collected.

A five gallon oil can is a handy measure. Suppose the spring fills it in two minutes, the yield would then be 3,600 gallons in twenty-four hours, or 108,000 gallons in one month, and this amount is equivalent to nearly four inches of rainfall on an acre of ground. Such an amount, if carefully collected and



RESERVOIR ON SITE OF MUDHOLE.

applied, would keep a garden of small fruits and vegetables in good growth even with very little rainfall if the soil be of a fairly retentive character. As a safety supply against the short droughts of the humid region it would rescue a crop which might be worth several hundred dollars.

Thus a little outflow from a spring which might pass away unnoticed underground or at most by surface flow would only make a sedgy streak across a corner of a field, can be made a potent factor in production. Of course in handling water from such a small source of supply it must be constantly protected from loss. It would disappear in an open ditch in a short time. Usually it must be conveyed in a pipe to a tank or tight reservoir and collected in sufficient volume to cover quite an area at each application.

Railway Extension.

The average increase in the length of railways throughout the world is about 11,000 miles per annum, equal to nearly 2½ per cent of the total lines existing, which at the beginning of this century embraced nearly 480,000 miles.

Doctors and Insurance.

Accident insurance companies regard the physician as a better risk than the surgeon, and they regard the city physician better than his brother practitioner in the country.

LONG BARTON'S RACE

In a gloomy room, made more dismal by a spluttering candle set in a bottle, the sides of which were covered with a copious overflow of tallow, a young man sat, attempting to decipher the words on a small piece of paper. Near him, with her head bent forward in an anxious, half expectant attitude, was his mother, on whose not unattractive face were the lines of toil and suffering.

"Well, George," she finally said, "why don't you read it?"

"I can hardly make it out, mother," her son replied, "but it's new, and he says he got the receipt from one of the great piano makers in New York. It's the stuff that makes the cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, why, I'd win that $200 and pay off the mortgage and get you a thick cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a slight flush tingeing her pale face; "but you've tried so many kinds of 'dope,' and they all failed. I'm afraid it's your way of riding, dear."

"My way of riding!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked up and ran his hands through his curly hair. "Why, there isn't a man in Plumas county who can toss more snow in a day, lift more, stand more, than can I."

His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow covered windows, then glanced at her companion with an expression that combined pride and pity. The young man had not overstated his prowess. He was a giant, a colossus in strength, seven feet tall, but so thin, so long of limb, so strangely drawn out that for miles around he was known as "Long Barton" and "Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like his father, who had been killed in an avalanche two seasons before.

The winter had set in early, and a succession of snowstorms had buried the little hamlet of a dozen houses so deep in the snow that around the Barton home it was nearly 30 feet on the level, and the hamlet, so far as appearances went, had been wiped out of existence and lay with all its domestic life under the snow. The entire male population had dug the Bartons out, as in previous winters, the operation consisting in beginning a shoot 50 feet from the front of the house, or where it was supposed to be, and sinking a burrow or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in the direction of the second story. It took some time to accomplish this after the last storm, but finally the miners reached the attic window, giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Barton and her son appeared to welcome them. From this time the attic window had been the front door. George had cut steps up the burrow, and the Bartons, as the postmaster remarked, were "in society again." The chimney had been spliced with pieces kept for the purpose, so that the top reached the surface of the snow, and as George had piled a plentiful supply of wood in the house in September and there was an abundance of candles, oil and provisions things were as comfortable in the Barton home as in any house in the place 20 or more feet under the snow.

But there is a skeleton in every household, it is said, and in the Barton home it was pride and debt. The elder Barton had left a mortgage on the house, which was soon to expire, and the mortgagee wished the money. He lived in the city, 500 miles distant, and did not care for a risk where the security was liable to be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow, as both Plumas and Sierra counties were famous for heavy snowfalls. George Barton had not been able to save enough money for the mortgage. Avalanches had covered the mines and kept him from work. Then one night in returning home he could not find the shoot and had wandered off and when discovered was badly frozen. It was the custom in the village for the miners when going to work to plant a staff with a rag streamer at the entrance of the shoots, so that they could find their homes if a storm came up. But the wind had blown Barton's flag down.

Then there was another trouble. For a number of years George Barton had been a contestant in the ski races which are the principal amusement of the people of these counties of California in winter, but in every one he had been defeated—more, humiliated, as twice, unable to control his long legs, he had at first wabbled, then slipped and gone down the slide upon his back amid the roars of laughter and gibes of the crowd of spectators.

"The funniest thing about it," remarked the storekeeper, "is that George thinks he can ride and always lays it to his skis or the 'dope.' But, bless your heart, a man might jest as well try to ride on stilts as them legs of his'n. They ain't built for skiin. They'd make a good skid for a bridge. My, how he did tangle up, legs and arms all in knots! Why don't some of you chaps tell him nature didn't intend him to ride skis?"

"Why don't you tell him?" retorted a listener, laughing.

"Waal, it ain't my business, and I get heaps of fun out of him, but it's the truth, he ain't got any sense."

"He's entered for next week," said one of the group.

"What for — the sweepstakes?" asked the storekeeper.

"You bet!" was the reply. "He's got some 'dope' that's like greased lightning, and you can't get the secret out of him with a team of wild horses. Gus Lindberg offered him $10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't look at him, and he's given it out that he expects to win."

"He'll win if the prize is for tying his legs into knots," laughed the storekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party and slipped at the head of their shoot. It was 75 feet if it was a foot, and he went sliding down like a log of redwood—a mile a minute. The front door was shut, and he struck it feet first and landed right in the party, his legs all in knots."

The ski races had been announced for a week, and Long Barton had entered. The grand prize was $250, and he believed he could win it. But on the morning of the event his mother made some excuse for remaining home and was the only woman in the hamlet not present at the races. She could not bear to witness his defeat. The course was on the slopes of the sierras, a splendid hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as glass, and of so sharp an angle that a man could not ascend it, and once on it with skis, it was a race like the wind for nearly half a mile, then out on to a gradual slope into the valley, where the little village lay buried.

Every town or village in Plumas and Sierra counties of any pretensions had a ski club, and many of the members were experts who had performed wonderful feats, and for this race the pick of every club was on hand at the top of the glassy slide, while an admiring crowd of men, women and girls looked on. The curious Norwegian snowshoes, which were eight feet long, four inches wide and half an inch thick, were being given their final polish, every contestant having his especial "dope," which was his secret. Apart from the others stood Long Barton strapping on his skis, which had a polish such as had never been seen before. They gleamed in the sun with dazzling brilliance. If "dope" counted, there were those who believed that "Tanglefoot" would win.

The first signal was given, and the men lined up, their long skis extended forward, their bodies in various positions. Each racer bore a long staff, or starter. Some held it on one side, some between their legs, while others extended it ahead, and as the word was given each man gave a mighty shove and projected himself down the terrific slide. They shot over the edge like a wave of water over a fall and seemed to rush into space, then sank so rapidly from view that they were gone before the excited onlookers realized it. The speed increased rapidly, and in 10 seconds was like that of a fast trotter, at 15 it was equal to the fastest train of cars, and at 20 the best men were holding their breath, as it was impossible to breathe at such speed, and the slightest swerve would send them off the track. From the side the scene was a frightful one, as it was hard to believe that human beings could preserve their position and not be dashed to pieces under such extreme velocity. But the line swept on, a few of the racers surging ahead. Half way down, and four are in advance, two-thirds, and one tall figure is leading.

It is Long Barton. He is rushing with the speed of light. The new "dope" is carrying him on to victory. He knew it; his teeth were set; his heart was in his mouth—the goal was just ahead. Then something happened. He swerved a tenth of an inch; a piece of ice caught the channel of his polished ski, perhaps, and the next second the line of racers rushed like the wind by a figure rolling over and over, its legs, arms and long skis seemingly tangled in a hopeless knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, and the loud laughter and gibes of the spectators rang in his ears as, half stunned, he slid to the bottom and picked himself up. To their credit, the winners did not laugh. It was the crowd on the hill, and Barton took off his skis and, avoiding them, walked over the snow and was lost to sight in the shoot that led to his home.

That night, as was the custom, there was a ball, and at the earnest wish of his mother Long Barton went. But he took no part in the entertainment and sat by the stove and watched the merrymakers, knowing well that he was the butt of them all. Late at night, while he still looked on, a crowd gathered at the door around a man who had just arrived—Reel Stacey, the stage driver.

"Hope you folks has extra splices on your chimneys and flags out," he said. "It's banked 50 feet at Evans, and the 30 foot marks on the pines are covered, and it's snowing like it will never stop. But that's not what I come for," he continued, unrolling a bundle, blanket after blanket, and producing a baby that looked up at the men with a wondering gaze.

"A baby!" they shouted in chorus, and half a dozen arms reached for the child.

"Hold on, boys," said the driver; "business first. This is Jim Grayson's baby. His wife died last night, and he's flat on his back. The cow was killed in the snow, and there ain't any milk in this town but this," and the old driver held up a quart bottle. "Now, the doctor says that the only thing to save the baby is to get it out where there's milk. If we don't, it will starve."

"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper in an awed whisper, "it's death to try the mountains in such a storm!"

"So I told the doctor," replied the stage driver, "and I haven't the nerve to try it. I know what it is—a man's life against the kid's. But I said I'd state the case. He's a newcomer at Sierra. He got here and can't get away."

"It's 50 miles to milk if it's a foot," remarked a red whiskered miner in the group. "Won't bread and water do?"

"It might for some," retorted the driver, "but this baby's not built that way. She wants milk, and she won't touch anything else. They've been trying it for days. Is there any man here that can suggest anything?" And the speaker raised his voice.

Every miner present knew that it was impossible to get out of the mountains, even if it was not snowing, until the snow had settled. Every one recalled the names and faces of men who had met death trying to cross the sierras in storms, and for a few moments no one answered. Then, as the driver pulled the blanket over the little figure, which he held closer to his breast, a voice said:

"Well, if the baby wants milk, she's going to have it; don't you forget it, boys." And Long Barton edged through the crowd and took the child in his arms. He rolled it up in the coverings the stage driver had taken off. Then he pulled on his snow cap and, followed by the men to the door, went out into the storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, "I'd have picked 'Tanglefoot' the last one for such a proposition. But, boys, we've mistook him. He's got sand, for he's going to his funeral."

What George Barton said to his mother no one knew. Time was the essence of this transaction, and in a very short while he came up the shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was slung under his arm. He carried his staff in his hand, a revolver in his pocket for wolves, and on his booted feet were the skis which the incomparable "dope" had polished so that he could hardly stand. A moment later he was lost to view.

The same dogged persistency which had led Long Barton to believe that he could win the race made him think that he could carry the baby to safety. If he had been asked an hour before if a man could do this, he would have said no. He strode up the little valley, keeping in the center, with the walls of the sierras, snowclad, trembling with avalanches on either side and in an hour struck the straggling forest. He knew the trees well and for five miles kept the trail. Then he came to the first slope. By the aid of his staff he made a rapid slide, reaching the bottom of the canyon safely in a few seconds. And this was to be his experience—climbing and sliding. The next hill was so soft that he was breathing hard when he reached half way. Then he felt a tremble, a nameless thrill, and the entire side of the mountain seemed to give way, and he was carried irresistibly down on the wings of an avalanche. He made desperate struggles and by a miracle kept near the top and after much labor dug himself out.

It had stopped snowing as he started down the canyon, now sliding, now leaping, the famous "dope" carrying him well and fast. From a deep valley he must climb the next range, but when he was half way up the snow began to fall again, and he became bewildered. He could not see the stars and would have to trust to luck. So he swung himself over the divide and rushed down the slopes. Another range to climb, and still it snowed, and later the wind rose and tossed the snow aloft in great spectral wraiths that looked to his distorted vision like shrouds. But that warm bundle so close to his heart gave him courage, and he pushed on.

Five hours he had been traveling steadily. He could not remember how many ranges he had passed. He had forgotten how many ranges he was to cross to reach the town. He made some descents that equaled the famous race course, narrowly escaping trees and rocks, holding one arm about the bundle, patting it as he heard fitful cries. Again he was caught in an avalanche, reaching the bottom waist deep in snow, the baby almost buried. It was now daylight, and after digging his feet out he unrolled the bundle and, protecting it, gave the baby a ration of the milk, which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderingly at him the while, and George, who knew very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good natured one.

He did not realize how weary he was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was finer and filled his eyes, and he felt that this was the beginning of the end. But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seemed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realizing that his mind was not clear, and dashed snow upon his forehead. Then he rushed on again like a madman.

How far he went no one knows to this day, but it had been many miles in the wrong direction, when, with a wild laugh, which frightened those who heard it, Long Barton unslung a bundle and plunged into a half buried wickiup, from the top of which sparks were rising. The men reached for their firearms at sight of the gigantic and wild eyed figure, but the squaw, laying her papoose among the blankets, with unerring instinct caught the bundle from the hands of the falling man, and Jim Grayson's baby was saved. As for "Tanglefoot" Barton, one of the half breeds, who came in to the village from another wickiup and who understood English, said he was clean off his head and thought he had won a race.—Charles F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

In and Into.

Much confusion characterizes the use of these two prepositions. Stormonth gives the simplest and best rule concerning them which we have come across. He says: "Into comes after a verb denoting motion, and in follows a verb denoting rest." This gives the idea comprehensively, but it must not be taken literally. Thus it is entirely proper to say "He fell in the street." The person referred to may have been walking or standing still when he fell. He was, however, already in the street, and therefore when he fell he did not move into it. If, however, he was in a building or other structure facing the street and he fell, landing in the street, it would then be proper to say "He fell into the street."

In is frequently an adverb, and in such cases it should be used after a verb denoting motion. For example, it is correct to say "He came in" of one who had been asked to enter a house. But if a preposition were to be used in this connection the phrase would be "He came into the house."

Those who will commit to memory the rule quoted will soon be sure of their ground when they have occasion to use in or into.

The World as We Find It.

Fudd—This is a hard world.

Dudd—And yet everybody is looking for soft places in it.—Boston Transcript.

A Historic Bird.

Customer—What sort of a chicken do you call this?

Waiter—That, sir, I believe, is a Plymouth Rock.

Customer—Ah, I'm glad it has some historic interest. I thought it was just an ordinary cobblestone.—New York Journal.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A close, unventilated house is emphatically a foul house.

Ground or crushed bone is a good form in which to give lime.

The nests should be arranged so that the fowls can walk in on them.

Bran is a better feed for fowls than corn because it contains more nitrogen.

An excellent feed for young chicks is cracked or coarsely ground wheat for the first week.

A cock that fights and picks his mates every time they are fed is not a good breeder, and few of his hens' eggs will ever hatch.

Cane or sorghum seed can be fed to fowls to good advantage. It stimulates egg production and in many ways is good to use for variety.

For a good breeder select a rooster with plump, full breast, broad across the back, wide between the legs and that crows often, loud and long.

It is a good plan to mate up the fowls early, for occasionally one of the hens will want to sit during the winter, and it will be best to have the eggs ready.

Fat For Frying.

If, when you are frying fish or croquettes, the fat begins to froth, the temperature is too low. Finish cooking what you have in the pan, but before cooking any more reheat the fat until a blue smoke rises from it.

Cigar Ashes.

If you saved the ash of all the cigars you smoked, you would have consumed 1,000 before you had a pound of ash.

The Oldest Known Lens.

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum, as bright and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hands.

Turkish Soup.

Turkish soup is made with a quart of veal stock, adding two tablespoonfuls of pearl sago soaked an hour; cook until transparent; beat two egg yolks and add half cupful of cream, adding both to the soup; season with salt and pepper. The soup must not boil after the eggs are added, as it will curdle.

A French Custom.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

Kansas High and Low.

Wyandotte county, averaging only 700 feet above the sea level, is the lowest point in Kansas. Cheyenne county, on the Colorado border, 4,000 feet above the sea, is the highest.

London's Daily Traffic.

If the number of people daily entering London were to be dispatched from any given station by train, 1,077 trains, each conveying 600 persons, would be required for the purpose. Moreover, if all these trains were arranged in a straight line they would cover 221 miles of railway.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that no hunting will be allowed on sec. 5 43 24 and east ½ 6 43 24. Parties trespassing will be prosecuted according to law.

H. S. DICK
ROBT. DICK.
Owners.

100 Head of Cattle for Sale.

On Wednesday October, 8, 1902, there will be offered for sale in Ponoka one hundred head of cattle, of all kinds, beef cattle, work cattle, milch cows and yearlings, calves etc. Sale will continue all day, A number of choice 3-year-old steers will be included in the list of cattle.

S. B. LUCAS
F. E. ALGAR
G. I. COX.

Auction Sale.

In accordance with instructions from the owner W. D. Pitcairn will sell by public auction in Ponoka on Tuesday, October 7th at 1, o'clock p. m. 40 head of yearlings about half of each sex. Terms cash. No Reserve Do not miss this opportunity of segood strong yearling at your own price.

W. D. PITCAIRN
Licensed Auctioneer

LOST

A light gray lady's coat, lined with gray satin, on the C. & E trail between Wetaskiwin and Ponoka. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at the HERALD office or with

MRS. A. E. KNAPP.

Ladies' Hats.

Call and see the latest creations in Ladies' and Misses's trimmed and ready-to-wear hats at

MISS DAYKIN'S
Railway Street,
Lacombe.

Notice.

All pictures which were not delivered before I left are in the hands of C C. Reed where parties may obtain same, also anyone desiring views of Picnic or Ponoka scenery may obtain same from him,

W. J. MILNE,
Photographer,
Ponoka.

School Seals.

The HERALD office is now in a position to accept orders for seals for secretaries of school districts, or others desiring official seals at popular prices. Satisfaction with every seal guaranteed.

The Local Improvement Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of Section 66 of the Local Improvement Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Scott has appointed Thursday the 20th day of November, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Court Room in Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz,

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 2, 17, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 35, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48, 52, 55, 69, 73, 159, 226, 228, 231, 240, 255, 401, 403, 405, 407, 422, 424, 434, 446, 451, 458, and 485.

Dated at Regina this 3rd. day of September, 1902.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Commisioner of Public Works.

NOTIRE.

The Liquor License Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Application has been made by Charles Cowden of Morningside, Alberta, for an hotel license in respect of Hotel West at Morningside aforesaid.

This application will be considered by the board of license commissioners, at Olds, on Tuesday, the 28th day of October, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Dated at Regina, this 26th day of September, 1902.

HORACE HARVEY
Deputy Attorney General.

For Sale.

One span extra good iron gray geldings weighing about 1200 pounds each, five years old. Also a span of grade Clydesdale mares. Inquire at HERALD office or of

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480 acres south of Bobtail reserve—hay, wood and water per acre. . . . $5
½ sec. 22, 42, 26, per acre . . $7
nw¼ 2, 42, 25, per acre . . . $5
E½ 28, 43, 25, imp. . $4000
Several lots in Morningside.
Good house and lot, Chipman avenue. . . . . $400.
Splendid ranch near Buffalo lake, cattle horses, implements, buildings &c. $1150.
5 lots, Smith avenue. $425.
A1 lot, Smith avenue. $20.
Lot with good bldg. Railway street $150
2 good lots, 1 corner, Chipman avenue. . . $225
Corner lot, Railway St., Morningside. . . . $150.

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Several small dwellings in town.

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